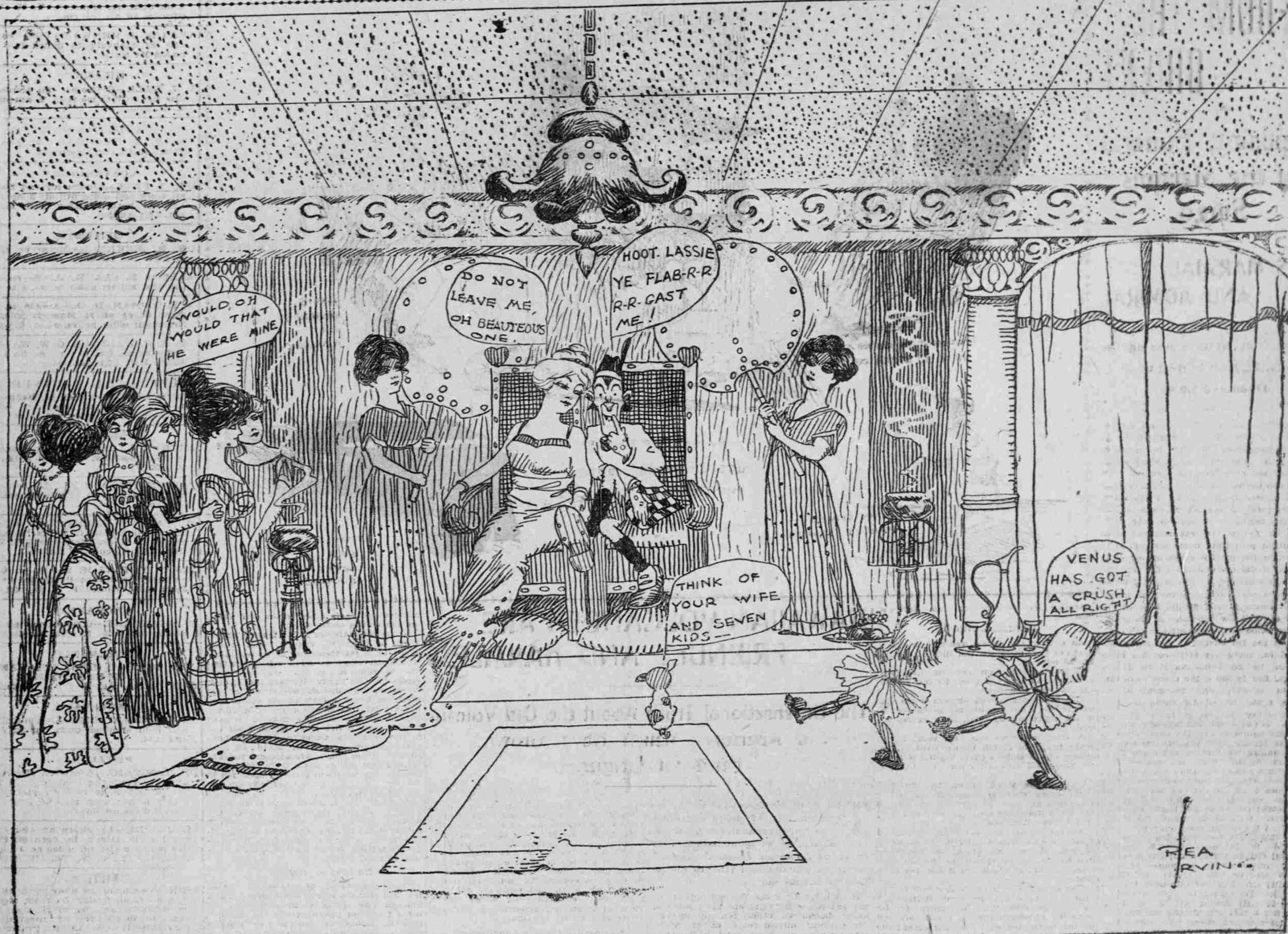


THE ADVENTURES OF PROF. SANDY MAC TAFFY AND HIS AIRSHIP THE "THISTLE"



THE PROFESSOR STRIKES THE PLANET VENUS.

Miscellany Page.

SCIENTIFIC.

The volcanic dust from Mont Pelee proves to have little fertilizing value. An analysis by an American engineer of specimens from Barbados, where—though 90 miles away—the fall on May 7 was about three inches, has shown only 0.675 per cent. of potash and 0.141 of phosphoric anhydride.

The nasal passages are stated to have a surface area of not less than twenty square inches. A new preventive of hay fever is the rubbing with surgical cotton twice daily of as much of this inner surface, or mucous membrane, as can be reached. The massage hardens the membrane, lessening its over-sensitiveness.

That the highest mountains may be climbed is the conclusion reached by Signor Mosso after many experiments and observations. Aconcagua in the Andes, 23,995 feet high, is the loftiest summit yet reached, and Himalayan peaks tower a vertical mile above this, but it is believed that the difficulties of ascent may be overcome by a very slow rate of travel. This will acclimatize the climber and enable him to endure the rarefied air.

The butterfly is stated by an English writer to sleep on the very top of grass stems, invariably with its head downward and its eyes looking toward the roots of the plant. Its wings are folded to the smallest possible size. This is doubtless chiefly for protection against cold, but it reduces the dimensions to those of a narrow ridge, making the creature resemble in shape as well as color the seed-heads on surrounding stems.

Poisoning by shell-fish is not yet fully understood. Prof. Thesen, of Norway, finds that it is not due to the substance on which they grow—such as the copper sheathing of vessels—but that it depends on impure water. The poison, however, does not seem to be produced

by bacteria. It is concluded that the impurities of the water—even such poisons as strychnine and curare—are readily absorbed and stored away by the mollusks, but that the storing is only temporary, for mollusks in foul water are not at all times poisonous. Whether the poisons are made harmless or are returned to the water unchanged remains to be proven.

Last year the Germans produced 1,500,000 tons of raw sugar, representing 13 per cent of the beet-root crushed, which was an increase since 1880 from 8000 tons of product as 5 1/2 per cent of the material used. The dyeing industry earned \$20,000,000 last year against \$6,000,000 in 1874, notwithstanding diminished prices and increased wages. Artificial indigo now employs over 6000 men, including 148 scientific chemists, although started only about 35 years ago with less than 40 men. In 1898 Germany employed 14,000 persons in making scientific instruments, the exports being three times those of 1888. These are examples of the results of scientific training in the land of its greatest development.

The fluid lens, once tried as a means of overcoming optical defects of the single glass lens, was dropped with the advent of homogeneous glass and successful combination lenses. A new fluid lens has been used by Dr. E. F. Grun in instantaneous photography by ordinary light, and has given greatly increased activity of action, opening up great possibilities in catching theatrical and other night scenes that have hitherto eluded the camera. Kinematograph pictures without special preparation gave somewhat imperfect but very promising results, a striking merit being such depth of focus that both the performers in the front of the stage and the scenery at the back were sharply brought out.

This is a good Tammany Hall story—The new Commissioner of Works finding numbers of men on the pay rolls of his department who drew a regular salary for work that was done by others or not done at all, he struck them off. A Tammany "district leader" came to remonstrate. "Fwat have ye turned down Mulvaney and O'Meara for?" The Commissioner explained that the offices for which Mulvaney and O'Meara were paid had long ago been abolished. "My policy," he added, "is simply this. Whenever I find two men working at one pick, one of them's got to go." "Mother av Hivin," said the astounded Tammanyite, "this may be good morality, but let me tell you, Mr. Commissioner, it wad be much better politics to discharge the pick."

A HYMN TO THE SEA.

By Amelle Rives.

My heart, O Sea! my heart, too, hath its tides,
Its moods of rage, its calms, its storms again;
Its ice-bound regions where no life abides,
Its snow fields where a rose would seem a stain;
Its caverns deep, more murmurous musical
Than shells that in their dreaming sing of thee;
Its wrecks majestic and its towers tall
Of moon-white castles built for ecstasy.
But turned by time to echoing tombs forlorn,
Where many a drowned hope doth lie in state.
Lo, these are mine, too; but that jubilant scorn,
That blithe disdain of ever-changing fate,
Which thou by very mutability
Doth manifest to all—that would I learn of thee!

Berthe thine altar of implacable rock,
O'erhung with foam-flower garlands iridescent,
And jarred ever by the clangorous shock
Of votive waves—there while the mirrored crescent
Of young Selene's forehead-gem doth rest,
As in a shaken glass of chrysolite,
Upon the love-tossed armor of thy breast:
There, while long, singing lines of breakers white,
Like roving of vestal virgins seen afar,
Come trooping up thy dark sonorous aisles,
And Evening offers up her loveliest star:
There will I proffer thee my vanished smiles,
My joys forsworn, my sorrows yet to be,
So thou but hear my prayer, O well-beloved Sea!
—From the "North American Review."

A story is being told of a clergyman whose jokes are not many. His first cursey had proved rather trying, owing to the presence of so many ladies, all too eager to help him. He soon quitted the neighborhood, and some time after meeting his successor, he asked: "How do you get on with the ladies?" "Oh, all right," was the answer, "there's safety in Numbers." "I found it in Exodus," was the reply.—Ex.

GREAT LISBON EARTHQUAKE.

In the early morning of All Saints' day, November 1st, all Lisbon was abroad. The morning was hot and still and veiled in a film of yellow haze in which the color of city and sky and river ran riot. Behind the Seven Hills on which the town was built rose higher hills, heaving softly into green swells, and billows, a deeper background for white-walled monasteries and a confusion of red-tiled roofs and turquoise towers and minarets and the yellow outer walls lapped by the blue river. In the streets people hurried in and out among the booths and shops, gathering into momentary groups to discuss the absence of rain, the fact that the wells of the country had suddenly gone dry, the coming bull fight, the latest scandal perpetrated by armed and hooded noblemen roving after dark. The yellow glare beat on lofty houses covered with Dutch tiles done in blue and white, highly glazed and wrought into scenes from Bible tales; on the small shrines to saints or the Madonna at every corner; and threw out into sharp contrast the somber green of citron and lemon trees. The procession of the Viaticum swung past, through black lanes of kneeling people, with the Host borne aloft by barefooted men of rank under a canopy that blazed with gold and jewels. White clad Dominican friars threaded through the crowd, with austere faces and dark-clouded eyes; Negro fruit vendors shouted their wares above the babel of songs and laughter, the chanting of psalms and drowning prayers. Rosy monks, black cowled, jostled among the women, with coarse robes trailing about fat white ankles. Slim figures discreetly shrouded slipped through the throng, conveyed by alert duennas. English and Dutch talked business at the corners, intent on finance or on trade. Streams of dark-clad people trickled through the massive entrance into the great church of San Domingo. Above the hum and swarm of the town the church bells pealed, vibrant, masculine, deep-toned and slow, their mellow notes pulsing over the blue river and drifting out among the hills. And at the tenth hour the ground quivered as though to the rumble of a heavily loaded wagon in the streets.
Two minutes later, with a sudden ripping crash as of a lightning bolt struck home, the earth heaved like an animal in pain. In an instant the air was fogged with blinding dust, through which could be seen the first sickening lurch of buildings tottering to their fall; the wide downward sweep of uprooted trees. In all directions were flying figures that reeled to the earth's

surface and fell, and rose and staggered. Fifteen minutes the convulsion lasted; minutes that seemed each one an hour. The dust clouds then lightened, and those who were left upon the broken streets got their bearings and started for the river and quays. The great marble quay at the Terreiro do Paço, crowded with panic-frenzied refugees from all parts of the town, sank suddenly beneath the river, without warning, leaving never a trace or sign; and the waters gulped over it and hurled themselves forward on the city, seeking other prey. Out on the river straining ships were sucked into the jaws of a whirlpool that drew each one remorselessly to itself, strive they never so hard to fly—merchants, gallant ships of the line, tiny pleasure boats with paintings of impotent saints on their yellow sails—all with rows of rigid faces staring over the rail into the death that waited.—C. Bryson Taylor, in Everybody's Magazine.

WHISTLED SOLO IN CHURCH.

A whistling solo is the latest thing in the line of music to be introduced into divine service at a New York church. At the services in the Lexington Avenue Baptist Church today the worshippers were entertained by the rendering of Schumann's "Traumerei" by Miss Louise Truax, a whistler. Miss Truax whistled during the collection. After the services she was induced to whistle "The Mocking Bird."
Miss Truax wore a dress of pure white. She is 19 years of age. While living in Detroit, six years ago, she began to practice whistling. She has a register of three octaves. William Chapman, of the Rubinstein Club, introduced her to Mrs. Cappiana and Miss Emma Thursty, who became interested in her gift.—New York Cor. Chicago Tribune.

JAVAL'S THEORY OF A SIXTH SENSE.

Dr. Javal, of the French Academy of Medicine, who is sightless, denies that nature compensates blindness by increased sensibility of touch and hearing, but contends that when a person is blind an extra development takes place in a sixth sense, which is latent in all persons. This sense, which has been called the sense of obstacles, acts by the perception of certain warm and indefinite vibrations. The seat of the sense is believed to be placed in the forehead.

HUMOROUS

More cruelty: "I make it a rule," he said, "to learn something every day." "My," she replied, "how fast you must forget!"—Chicago Record.

Appreciation: He—"Have you bought my new book yet?" She—"Yes; and it's the prettiest thing on my center-table."—Atlanta Constitution.

No time for lessons: Jimmy—"I wish I went to school in Russia." Johnny—"Why?" Jimmy—"It takes all day to call the roll."—Brooklyn Life.

Most desirable exemption: She—"I wish I were a bird." He—"So you could fly to my arms?" She—"No; so I couldn't have the toothache."—Chicago News.

"Many women," said the philosopher, "can make their own clothes, but it is the exalted few who can make them so that the others will not suspect it."—Indianapolis News.

Robbs—"Jones seems to think all the world is against him." Slobbs—"No wonder. He has been a book agent, a bill collector, and a baseball umpire."—Chicago Journal.

Very likely: He—"There is one place, at least, that if there's a skeleton in one's family it's bound to be found out." She—"Where?" He—"On the beach."—Chicago Journal.

The reason: "I've just been reading some statistics of births and deaths. Extraordinary thing! Every time I breathe a man dies!" "Great Scott! Why don't you chew cloves?"—London Judy.

Revising the old sign: "I just noticed that my new landlady's daughter's hair was red." "Well?" "And then a white automobile suddenly darted around the corner."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A well-satisfied girl: At an old-fashioned revival meeting the minister approached Minnie, who was only ten years old, and urged her to go forward to the "mourner's bench" for prayers, as many of her young friends had done. "No, thank you," said Minnie, holding back. "But why?" questioned the minister; "don't you want to be born again?" "No," replied Minnie. "I'm afraid I might be born a boy next time."—Brooklyn Life.